

The Reckless Lake Lawren

The Reckless



Action/
Adventure

FIC

LAW


Delacorte
Press

Lake Lawren



There was once a village bred by evil. On the barren coast of Cornwall lived a community of people who prayed for shipwrecks, who lured storm-tossed ships to crash upon the sharp rocks of their shore. They fed and clothed themselves with the loot salvaged from the wreckage; dead sailors' tools and trinkets became decorations for their homes. Most never questioned their murderous way of life.

Then upon that pirates' shore crashed the ship the *Isle of Skye*. And the youngest of its crew members, fourteen-year-old John Spencer, survived the wreck. But would he escape the wreckers? This is his harrowing story.

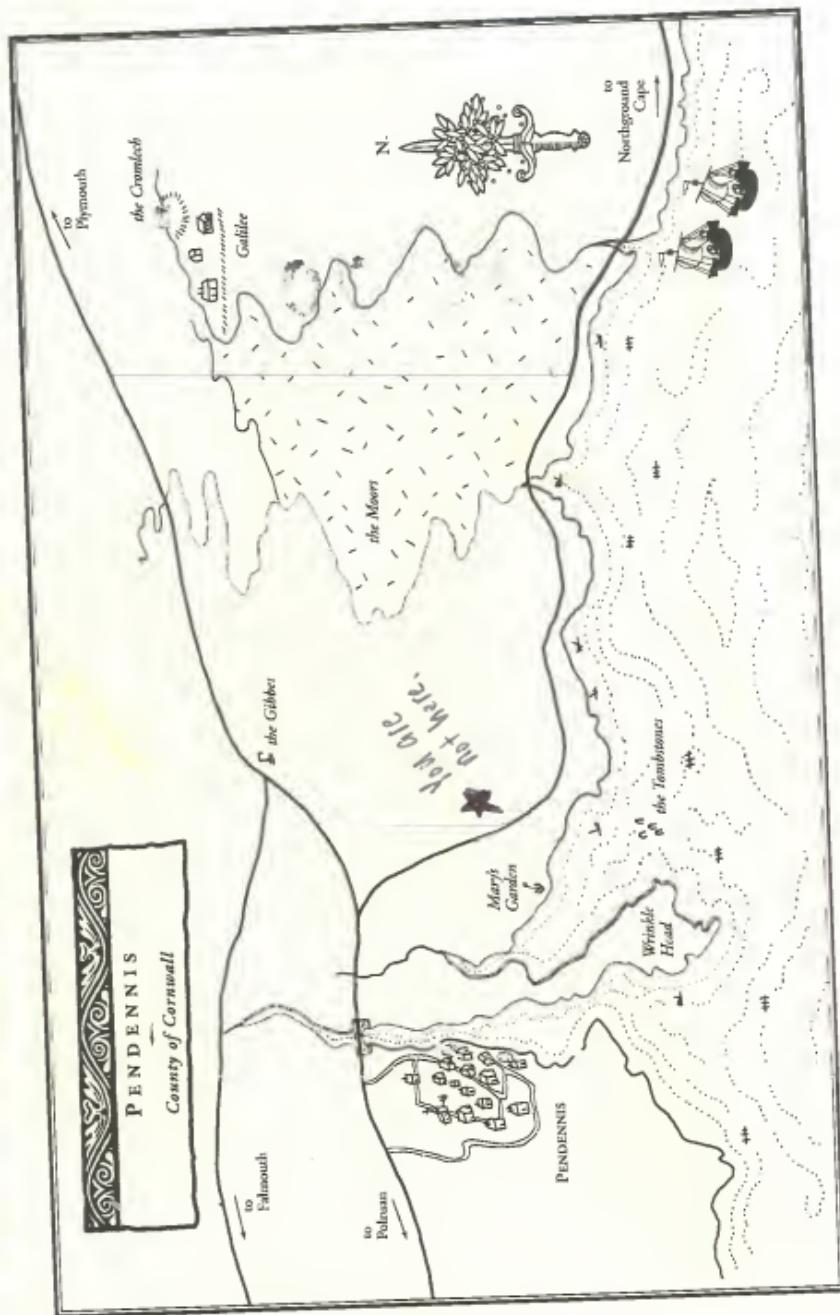
In the grand tradition of Robert Louis Stevenson and Charles Dickens, here is a masterful adventure yarn, a tale of bravery versus villainy. Fast-paced and rich in memorable characters, it is a spell-binding fiction debut.

DISCARD

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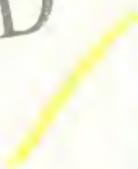
The Waroom



WRECKERS

Iain Lawrence

DISCARD



SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Delacorte Press

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June 1998

BVG 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For my father

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Chapter 1

THE WRECK

For seven days we ran before the storm. We raced through waves that seemed enormous, chased by a shrieking wind. We ran toward England under topsails and jib, in a brig called the *Isle of Skye*. She leaked from every seam, from every hatch and skylight. But she went like a witch mile after mile, wrapped in a shroud of spray.

I was wet and cold, and sometimes frightened. But I loved it all, my first time at sea.

Skye was my father's ship, though he was never a sailor. To him, the sea was a nuisance, and the ship was a thing to be owned, like his carriage and his office desk. "Only owners and admirals," he liked to boast, "can order a captain about." And this rare voyage—Father had called it a ride—was meant to teach me that a scribbling of ledgers was better than a life at sea. "You want to be a sailor?" he'd said. "Why, you'd be driven mad by the boredom."

And holding fast to your way,
and the same
Be it so.

Be it so, be it so,
that I may be

Be it so, be it so,
that I may be

**WE ARE GLAD
YOU ARE HERE...**

"Serve the Lord with gladness!
Come into His presence with singing!"
Ps. 100:2

ZION LUTHERAN CHURCH

1015 SW 18th Ave., Portland, OR 97205
(503) 221-3322
Fax: (503) 228-6484



The can be
so Pansive -
eggs



It didn't rain
but it was very
hot and humid.
OK. Fine.

It's a mistake
I made it to
2016...

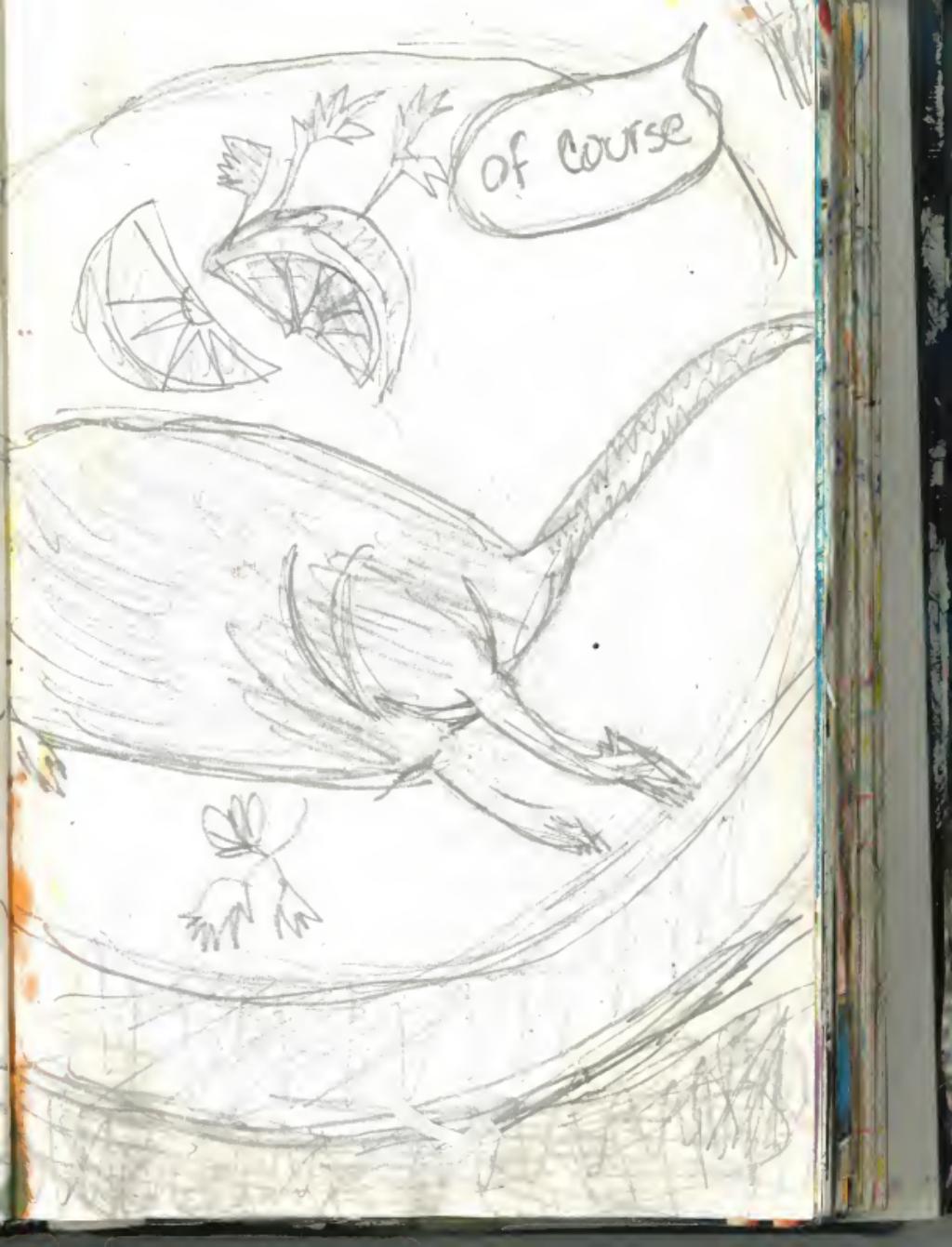
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Martes
Tuesday

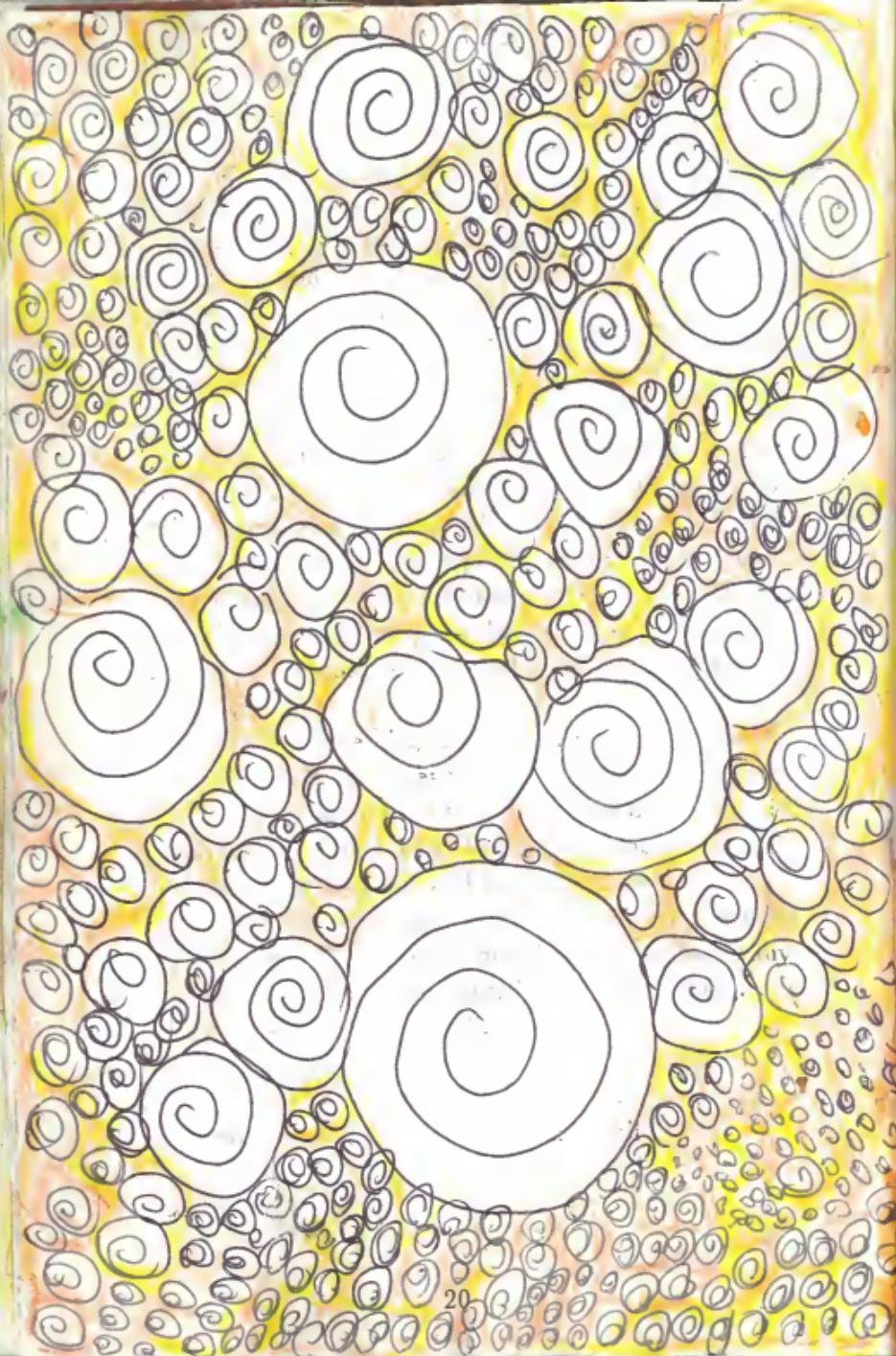
and
anti-depressents.



It's locally
sourced?



of course





'BASEBALL IS 90%
MENTAL. THE OTHER
HALF IS PHYSICAL.'

'It ain't over
till it's over.'

'The future ain't
what it used to be.'

'YOU CAN OBSERVE A
LOT BY WATCHING.'

'When you come
to a fork in the road,
take it.'

'IT'S DÉJÀ VU
ALL OVER AGAIN.'







There was a look in Stumps's eyes—deep and smoldering—that kept me quiet. A stranger man I'd never met, nor one so horrid. But it wouldn't save my father—or me—to speak of him now. If the wretches meant to kill me, I could only hope that Stumps would tell Father when all was done, that I'd gone bravely, with no pleading or tears.

Caleb Stratton took me by the shoulder. The forehorseman came riding onto the harborfront, his black pacer high-stepping on the cobbles! But no one turned to look; they were all intent on me. And the village seemed as quiet as a graveyard.

The two sheriff's riders stared at me, one with an evil glee that set shivers down my spine, the other with a nervous, frightened glimmer. The nervous one's face was riddled with smallpox. It was that man who spoke, and at that, I was little more than a whisper:

"He's only a boy," he said. "Just a boy, Caleb."

"And so was Tommy Colwyn, wasn't he?" Caleb, with the coat bunched in his hand, lifted me nearly clear from the ground. "Have you been up on the door, Spots?"

Spots shook his head.

"Go then. Go have a gam with young Tommy Colwyn. Follow the crows, old son, you'll see them from a mile away. His eyes, they're dangling down like watch fobs."

Spots swallowed. "But who's to know?" he said, and clicked his lips. "We could turn the boy loose. Let him—" "You know the law, Spots," Caleb turned to the other man. "Give us your knife there, Jeremy-Hawes."

The grinning man reached for his belt. A knife appeared in his hand, a long blade that he flipped in his palm, and

He is tall, has
long hair, and he has
a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

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man with a mustache.

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man with a mustache.

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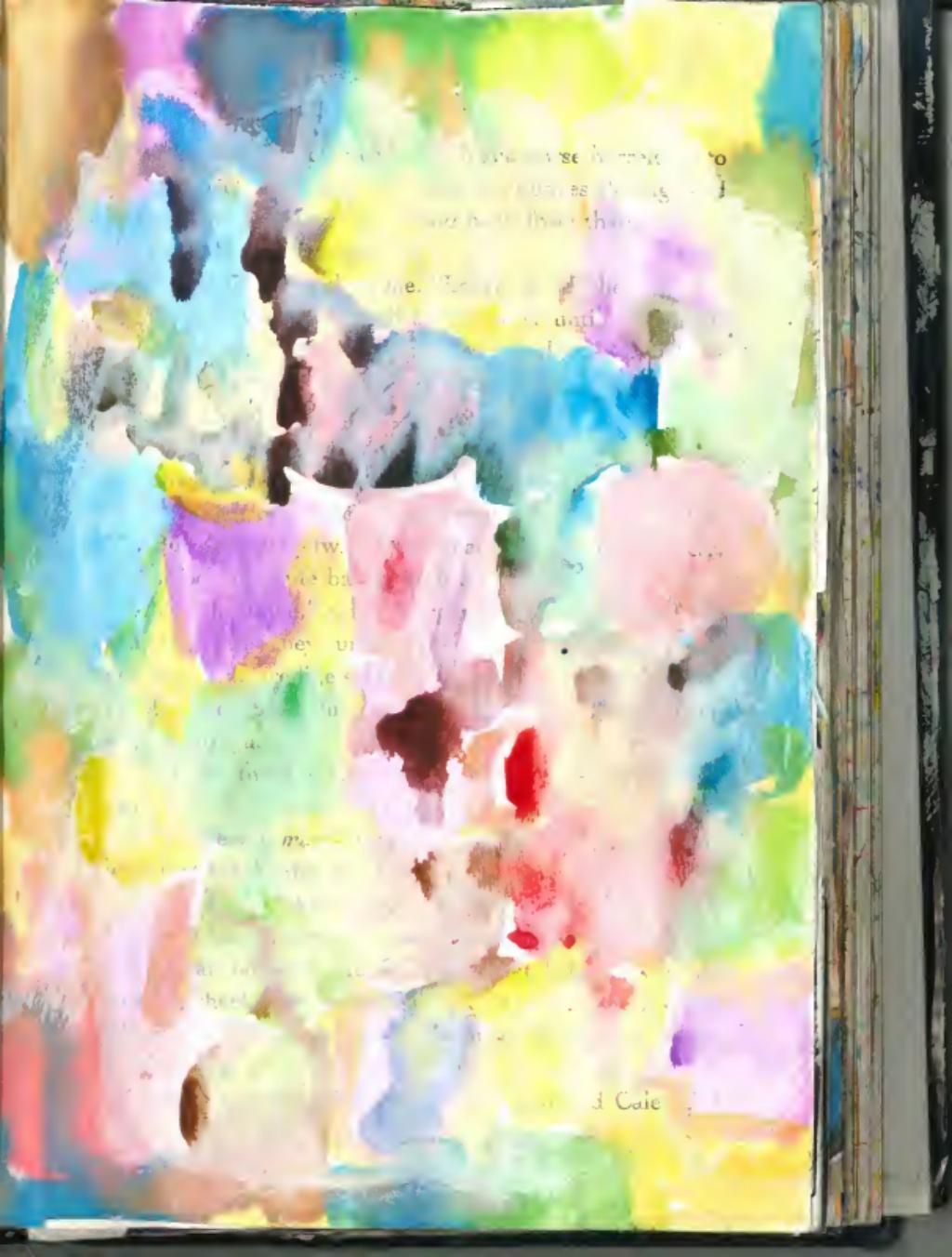
He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.

He is a tall, thin
man with a mustache.





NOUS SOMMES
CHARLIE
More than
a million people
rally to honor
those killed to us

Chapter 4

GALILEEE!

Good
Boy!



US state first to BAN SYRIANS
after Paris terror attacks spark fears
of copycat massacres

REFUGEEES: Shariq and his wife have been forced from their home. Photo: AP/PA Wire

by LISA MENDOZA

SHARE

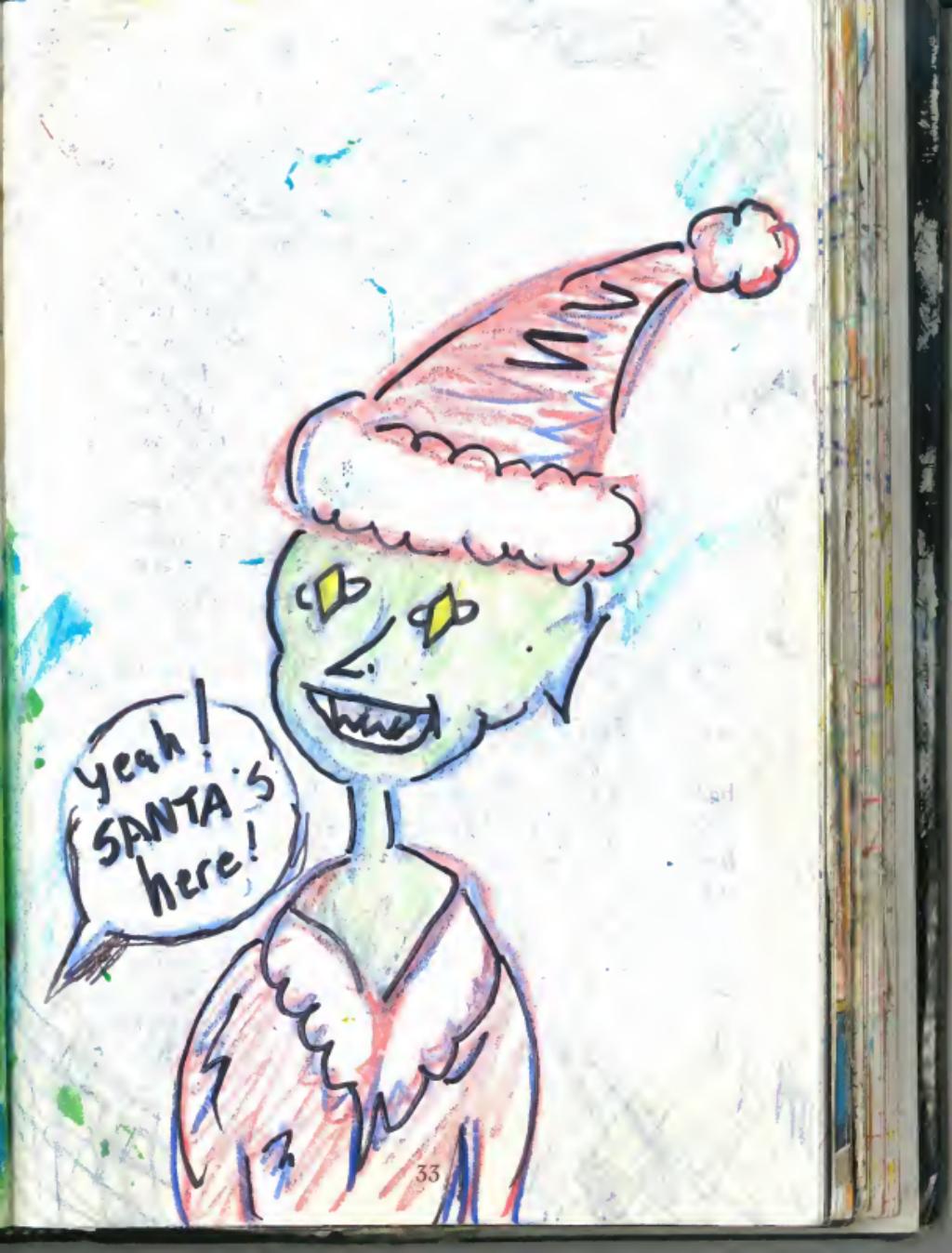
f TWEET

82
12
22

All the news, right now, is
the terrorist attack in Paris
one gets the impression
that this may change France
the way 9/11 changed America
NRP is taking non-political
relatives, and the 10 year
type right wings. Here in
America some Republican
governments are pledging to
ban all refugees from Syria
or even having a refugee
test to be almost as strict
as the US







"What then?"

I tossed another pebble. "He was aboard."

And then Mawgan put his hand on my back, between the shoulders, as though he meant to push me over the edge. He said, "I suppose he drowned in the wreck . . .

I didn't answer. I drew in a breath and shook all over. Mawgan's hand pressed harder on my back, then suddenly fell away. He must have thought I was crying.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Well, I won't ask you now. But later you'll tell me. You'll tell me the truth of all this."

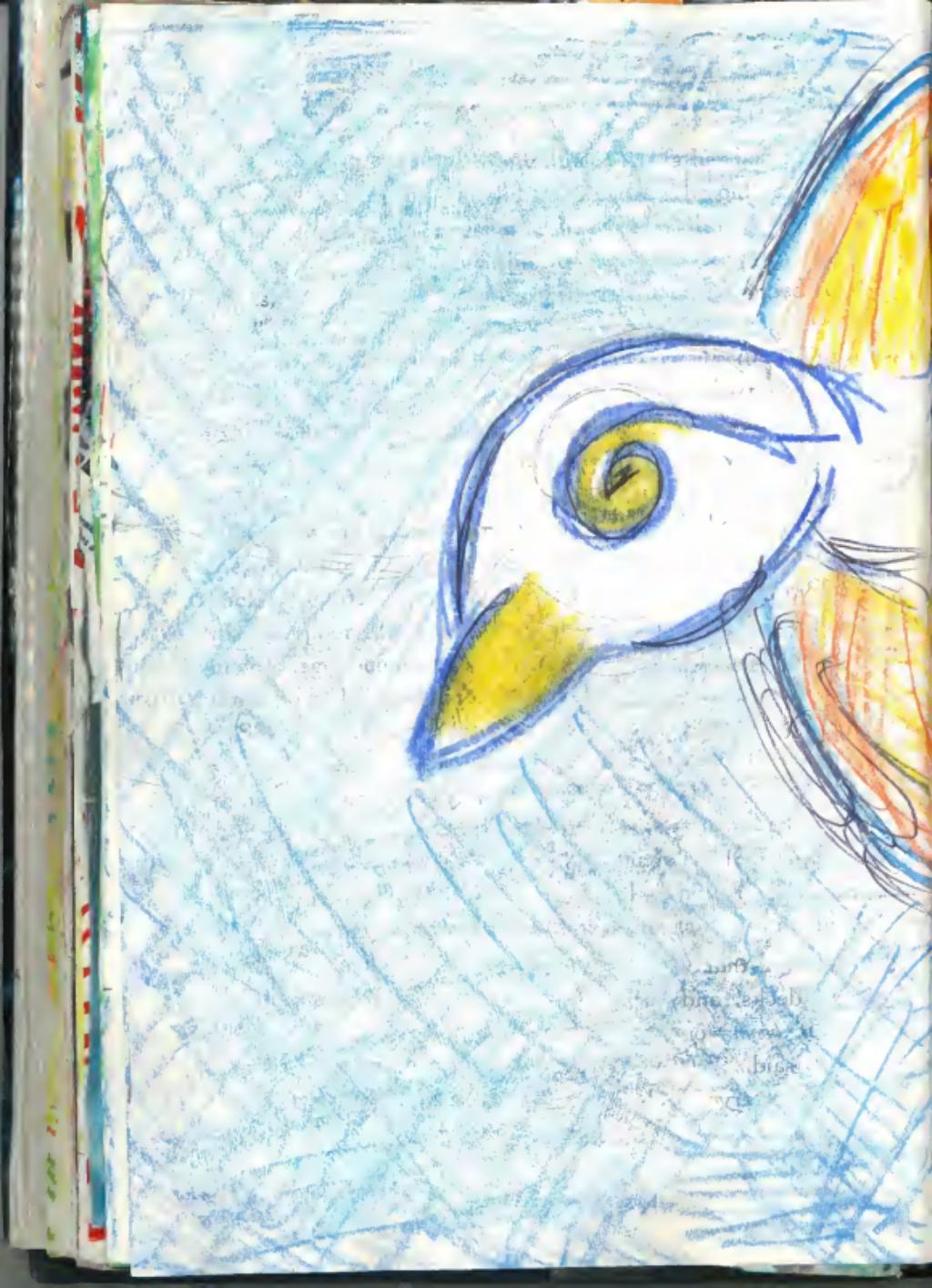
I didn't know what he meant. Did he know that my father was alive, or was he talking again about the barrels of wine? Whatever it was, I was happy to wait. He stepped into the saddle, and I cast the rest of the pebbles over the cliff, then climbed up behind him.

The day was already late. Our shadows fell far to the east, racing ahead of us along the road, then swinging to our side when Mawgan turned the horse onto a cart path over the moor.

It was a great, empty land that we crossed, but the path snaked in every direction, doubling back and turning again. To the west, the sky had become an ugly blue. And the shadows had darkened until it seemed that beyond each rise lay a vast, gloomy lake that engulfed us as we thundered down. I watched for the crows; I watched for Tommy Colwyn to come rising from the bogs with his eyes dangling at his cheeks. And I thought of my father, hidden away in a place known only to Stumps.

Then, suddenly, Mawgan reined in the horse. "There's







and a mad, crazy race, but none of us did. I have seen
people do a mad, crazy race, the straight for the Black
Sailor would have been stiff. I remember his shouting
that most of the people felt the same way, but I saw
no power and a strength, and there were few and
few who would follow him. Stuttered he said that his
legs then, though not for long—ran off to fetch a lantern.
They tied it to the tail of a pony that they walked across
the cliffs. I remember the way it flared in the wind, the
way the men laughed. Those poor wretches! They
must have thought they saw the masthead of a ship going
into the rock, and they followed like lambs. Right in the
cliffs.

"Did you see that?" I asked.

"No. They sent us home, the women and children,
and your uncle?"

"He stayed at the cliffs." You may be, and you will
not believe me, with your eyes. "The storm blew all night, and brother
John came home in the morning, all bloodied and
bruised, sooty with salt water. He had tried to stop them
from sailing. He had tried to put out the light, and they attacked
him."

"How did you this?"

"And I believed with," said Harry. "He poured a huge
giant of brandy. It shook in his hands. Then he told me
how the ship, how my brother, broke and how the masts fell,
sails and all. The men were standing on the cliff tops, laughing
and the others laughing and laughing like doves in a grome.
And I believed this is what he told me—followed them down



to

darkness

ES.

will be

ed the sky









Fourth Sunday
of Advent 2013

Revolution
1st Century
Repelling against Roman
Corruption of Judaism

Nathaniel Rvd

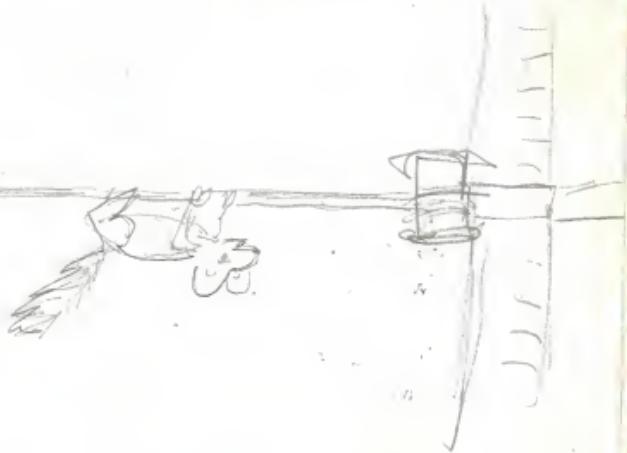
For everyone my joy magnifies the Lord
Organizes various times this is the gospel before the
dangerous times this is the gospel
and as you are able to protest song
SEQUENCE HYMN 20. Protests song
use remain standing as you are able for the reading
THE HOLY GOSPEL Luke 1:39-55
Gospeller
People

The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, according
Glory to you, Lord Christ.

In those days Mary set out and went with haste to a Judean town in the hill country. She entered the house of Zechariah and greeted Elizabeth. When Elizabeth heard Mary's voice, she leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb. And why is the child in my womb leaped for joy? And blessed is she who believed that there was told her what was spoken to her by the Lord." And Mary said, "My soul magnifies the Lord, now on all generations will call me blessed; for the Mighty One has done great things for me, holy is his name. His mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation, and his strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts, he has pulled down the rich away empty. He has helped his servant Israel and he made to our ancestors, to Abraham and to Isaac."

Sheesh!
It never
stops with
this kid.

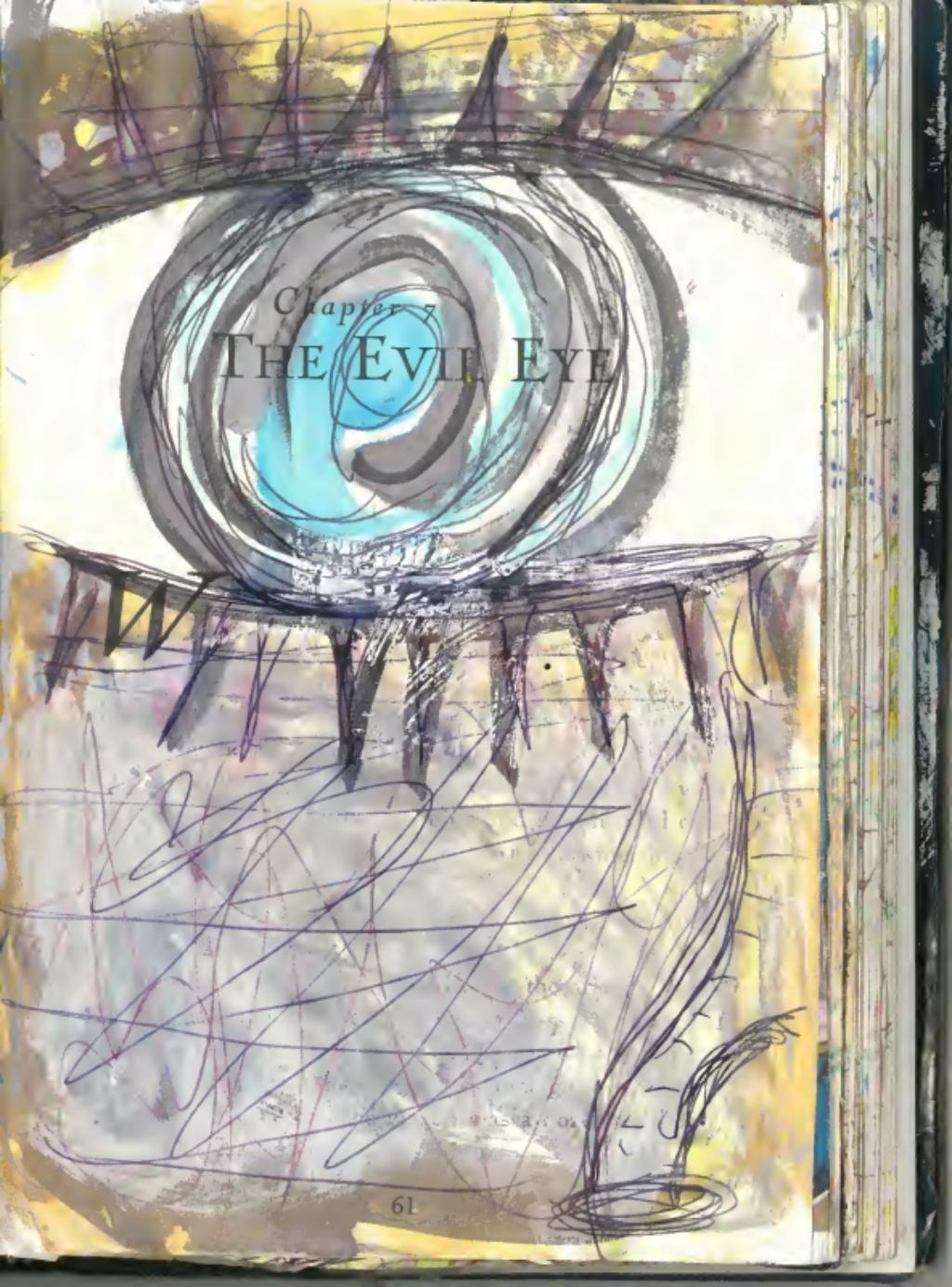
Be patient Jake.
These times
are
precious





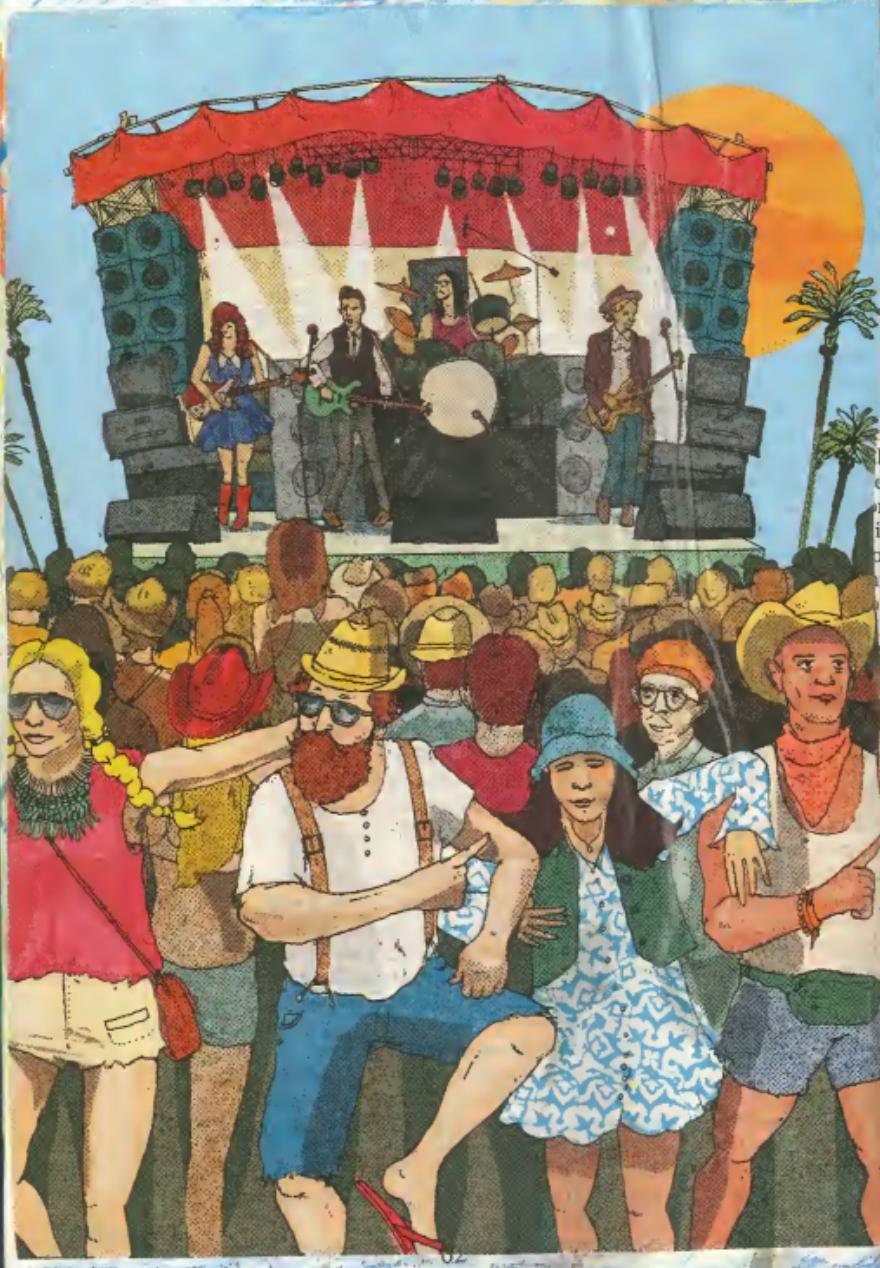






Chapter 1

THE EVIL EYE



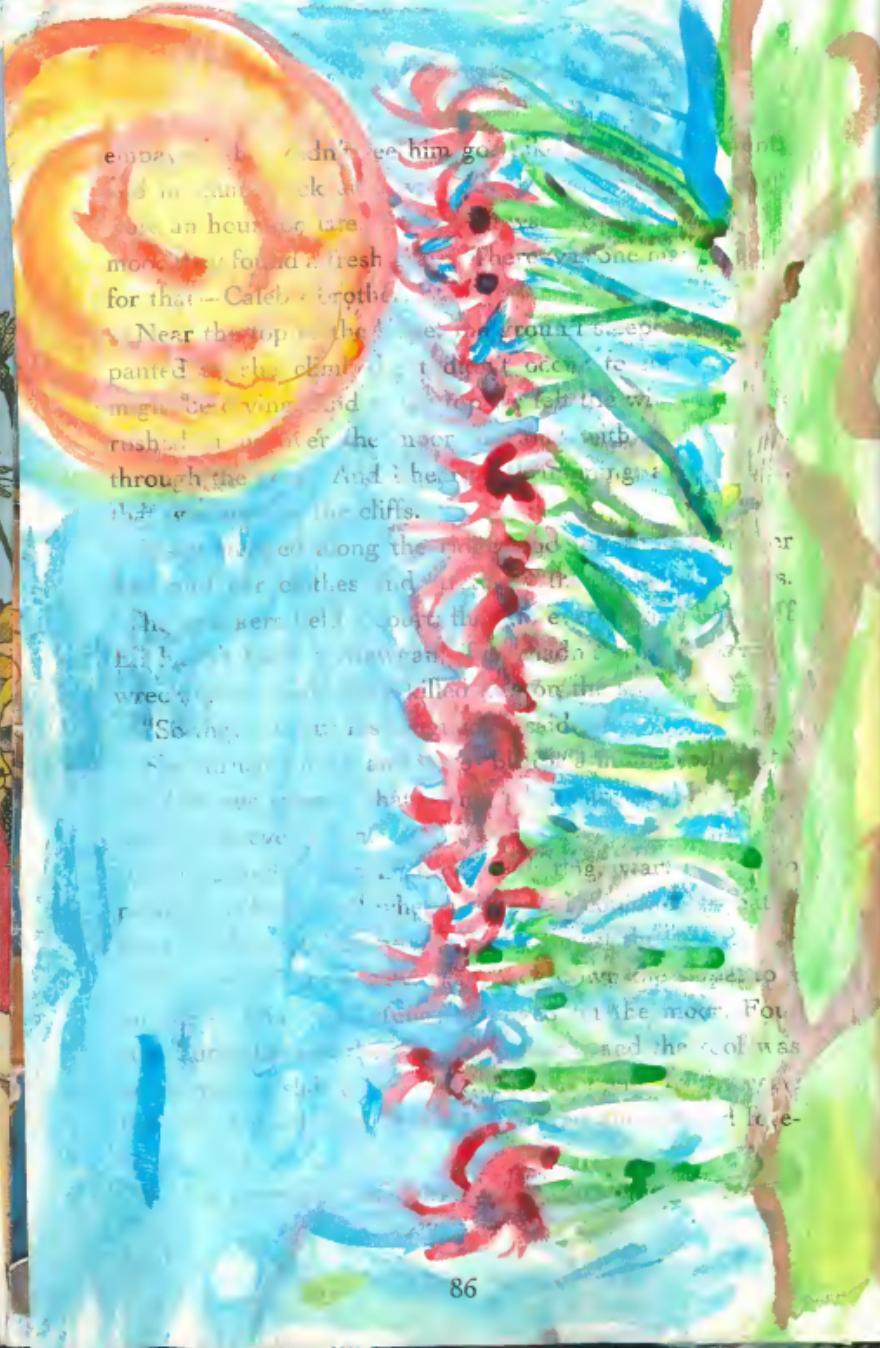






Cooking Tip: Dental instruments double as fantastic Thanksgiving dinner prep tools.





empty. I didn't see him go. He
had in camp a week and a half, and
was an hour or two late. The next
morning I found a fresh trail. There was one for that—Calico brother.

Near the top of the slope, the ground steep-
panted as the climber it didn't seem to
me to be going, and I stopped. I left the trail
rushingly, and after the noise, went with
through the trees. And I heard him coming.
I stopped and sat on the cliffs.

I sat there, along the river, holding
my mother clothes and the gun.

This was a terrible thought, the idea of
Calico brother, with his new hair, I had not seen
wrecked, and his gun, and his knife, and his gun.

"So they took him," I said.
"So you took him," I said, holding my gun.

"I took him," he said, "but I didn't know
what he was. I took him because he was
a man, and he was a man, and he was a man."

"I took him," he said, "but I didn't know
what he was. I took him because he was
a man, and he was a man, and he was a man."

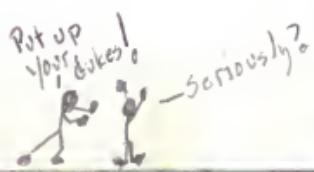
"Wait," said Mary. She clutche could see every muscle in her ne staring. "Only two," she breathed.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

Her skirts billowed like sails as th

"There's a ship in the bay."





I started up, and she came at my heels. "Please, John. It's cursed. Go in there and you'll die."

I kept walking. Even when Mary grabbed me I kept going. She fell on the ground behind me, pleading, reaching with her hand. But I went straight to the cromlech, and straight inside.

The wind whirled through the tomb. And a strange green glow came from the walls, from the lichen that grew there—eerie patches of light that seemed like eyes in the darkness. I imagined the stones were watching me as I fumbled to the back of the tomb, and found what I knew would be there. They were stacked in a pile, and I took up the closest and shoved it out before me. I heard it rattle down the stones, and when I came out Mary was holding it.



Don't laugh!
But "Trevor"
came to me
in a dream.

Not at all!
~~He~~ He seems
exactly like
a Trevor.

song he'd sung to comfort her. He sat by her bed, and held her hand, and sang it over and over from dark until dawn. "I don't know the name, but it sounds like this." I whistled it for her.

"Again," said Mary when I'd finished. "Keep whistling. But stop if you see someone. Stop if you hear a sound."

Up the street we walked, and the notes came softly back through the canyon of buildings. They came back through time, and I felt myself six years old again, seeing the horrors of those long nights, my mother's face shrinking like old wax, her pretty face turning awful and ugly.

"Keep whistling," said Mary. We walked inland, the wind behind us, past an inn and a chandlery.

In the end, my mother's teeth had stood out in rows, bared and gumless like those of a horse. And my father,

seeing my distress
hallway, I





= 11/16/15 ~~HTC~~

Jim Bethel

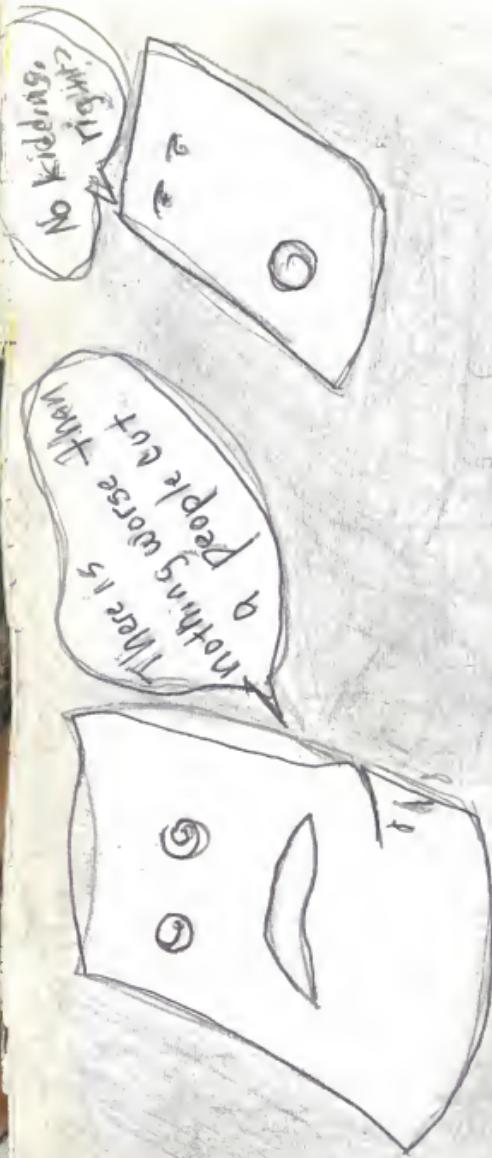
John was imprisoned by a very corrupt and cruel empire. Enjoying the suffering of others was at the heart of this corruption.

Oh! How lovely!

Is the Book of Revelation the original dystopian story?







ad, and in the thick

him. "We have to get
way out?"

" is what I thought he
legs, feeling for blood
bars locked round his
ingbolts in the brick.
, another belt of chain
like a dog to his narrow
time to work him free;
eed hours. I had to get
have it.

ed.

ay he's vanished. They

he said. "Comes at

ead toward me. "Tomor-
the out."

"Stumps?" I asked.
"Yes," His voice his

no moon . . . leaving.

"Where?"

"God knows," said

Smuggled gold ha
wrecked the *Isle of*
if it had been anyt
have hit him. Hit it
all that he'd done."

"Help me." W
to reach me with
but I didn't want

Father groaned
me. Only chance."

We heard footstep
passageway. And I
Come on!"

Father squirmed i
and fell back, and w
hand groped like a ci

"Who's up there?"

"A friend," I told h
He relaxed. He ea
come?" he asked.

I squeezed his han
"Before you go,"
I shifted him as b
He lay on his side wi

left, I tied the neckerchief back in place, though not as tightly as before. Then I raised the trapdoor and pushed it open.

It was almost as dark above as it was in the drain. But a little light filtered down was enough to show me a scene that I've tried ever since to forget. In the depths of the drain, in a black huddled mass, the rats were wailing. They'd been gnawing at my father's body, and the leather on one side was stripped away from his bones, and the flesh—it was ghastly pink; they'd started to eat his foot.

Shaken, I lowered the trap. The door of the passageway was locked with a simple crossbar. As soon as it opened, Mary was there.

"What's wrong?" she said. "Where's your father?"
"He's wrapped in chains," I said. "We'll have to bring him back."

"Is he all right?"

"For now," I said, and pushed the door.

Mary flung herself at it. "Wait!" she cried, and stopped with her hands. "There must be a latch or something. Some way for Stump to come and go."

She was right. He'd looped a bit of string around the crossbar and tied it to the bent-over end of a rusted nail set low to the ground. The nail fit loosely in its hole, and by pulling it out we would raise the crossbar.

"It's an old trick," said Mary. "Half the houses in Red-dennis use a latchstring."

Daylight was about two hours off when we closed the door and heard the crossbar thunk into place. Already

there was a hint of gray in the sky across the harbor. And with the dawn would come Stumps.

I pulled on my coat. We stood looking at the eastern sky when our passage suddenly brightened. I wheeled around. At the top of the steps, in the darkness of the chandlery, was a man with an opened lantern.

She almost never ~~eat~~ could apologize,
It didn't matter to her how much
I was hurting. She never ~~thundered~~
that apologizing is not about ~~the~~
~~admitting~~ guilt. It's about ~~on~~
passion for the one you have hurt,
no matter how unintentionally. I ~~can't~~
pretend to know what it is like to be a
victim of ~~insidious~~ child sexual abuse
but I do know what it is like
like to be a victim of a victim of
childhood sexual abuse. This is
such a ~~horrific~~ state that we general ~~do~~ not



Chapter 13

FOUR TOGETHER

or five, if you count Larry. @











He stood by the window, and locked away my face

in his hands. "What is it, or a man to the city,
or a woman he reaches his hands? And he raised his hands
and looked out to the ground.

"I called away to Blackie, as you're kickin'. But he only
sideweeded him a mile, when he come across a beetle in his
at all. She's all I've got," he said. "Don't try to deny me
nothing." Then he turned his back and walked off to the

house. Mary crept up the stubb floor, calling and
knocking at the door in the dark. Eli's legs looked very stiff and
straight, and his eyes stared up through the long dark silks.
His eyes were closed, his mouth a void. O Mary crepted
trembly away, she brushed at his cheek.

The unbroken made a row across his shirt, the unbroken
ended and torn, stained with dark blood.

Photo of hay in his hair, in his collar, in his fist. He
looked like a scarecrow dropped there, a scarecrow dead
and dry.

"It's my fault," said Mary. "If we'd come here instead of
going to the town— Oh, John, he could have called
for help."

A few pieces of hay clung to his lips, and I plucked them
out. I felt the coldness at my fingers, but instead felt
the warmth of his hand against his neck.

"He's alive," I said. "He's alive." In the fields of
the town, I heard a beating of blood.

"He's alive," she laughed and she cried and she

wiped at her face with the
worn cloth. She came out with a small
brushing brush. She dipped her fingers in it, then washed
Eli to his hips.

"More," said Eli. "I want more water, and I want the water to be hot. Then his face twitches again.

His arms swung up, pain in his throat, and I saw the stamp of his tongue like a warted toad.

"Eli," said Mary. "Eli, it's me."

She took his hands. She held him and soon he lay flat again, and the blood ceased from his body as he breathed.

Simon Mawgan came back. He had a folded blanket in his hand, and he stopped at the little door to take a look from the wall. "Best we do this here," he said. "There's going to be a howl of wind and rain such as you never saw." The sheep clattered like funeral bells.

Eli opened his eyes but did not move. Mary crouched over him. "It's all right," she said. "I'll stay with you."

"That's not the point," he said. "I pulled you in here to help myself." In four steps he crossed the room to the window of the stable, and the granteen stood outside.

But only just Eli lay there. His breast had a wet, burning new bleed.

"Help me," said Mary.

Simon Mawgan tossed the straw to the floor. He knelt to

Honesty is
the best
policy



Ca Me

New photo
Maud Shawashi
Pennardes

HE'S DATING THE NANNY!

but still paying minimum wage

oo

I sank deep. I rose to the surface, kicking and writhing. The blackness of night and the blackness of water were one and the same. Mary's screams stopped in a sudden, rumbling silence, then started again, started and stopped as I breathed first air and then water as I clawed at the stones of the wall. And finally my feet kicked against it, rising up; last they found something.

The skiff. It wallowed at the water, filled to the gunwales. I got my hands to my arms, and I rested, with the rain falling on my shoulders.

And up from the gloomy sea, dislodged by the body of Stumps.

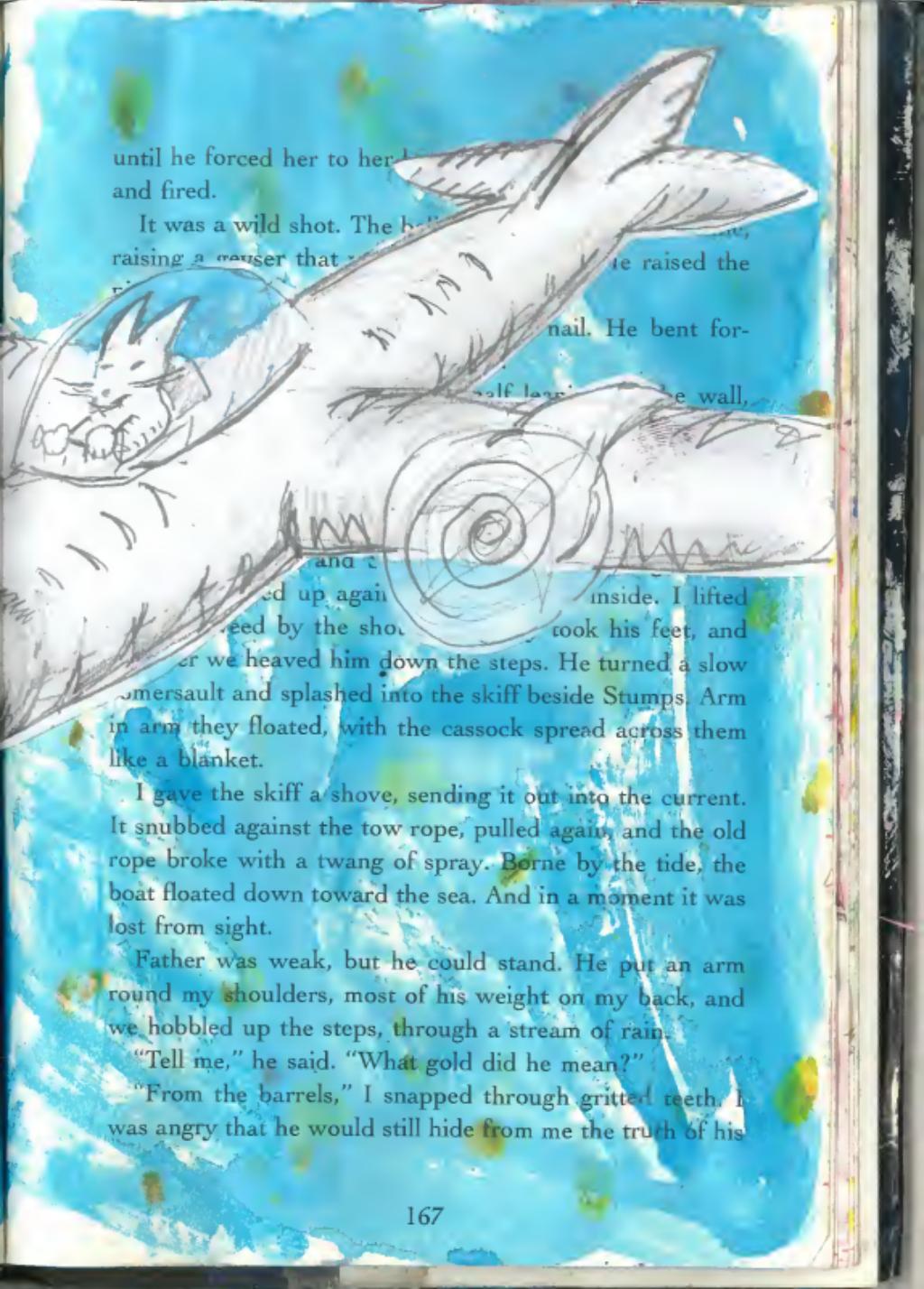
He floated on his back like a hideous jellyfish, bloated and pale. The tide bumped him against me, and my hand went round his waist. I pushed him away, but he only came back. The water rippled over his face, washing in his mouth. His eyes were round and white as eggs.

Above me, the door to the brewery crashed open. Mary flew out, screaming my name. Only moments had passed, though I felt older by a year.

"John!" she cried. "John!"

I tried to answer, but I couldn't. I saw Parson Tweed stoop through the doorway, still holding one of his pistols, and for an instant our eyes met. Then, with one step, he grabbed hold of Mary's clothes.

She fought him. She struggled and kicked. She tore free, but he only caught her again, wrapping her hair in his fist.



until he forced her to her knees, and fired.

It was a wild shot. The bullet struck the ceiling, raising a cloud of dust that obscured the gunner. He raised the

nail. He bent forward,

half leaning against the wall,

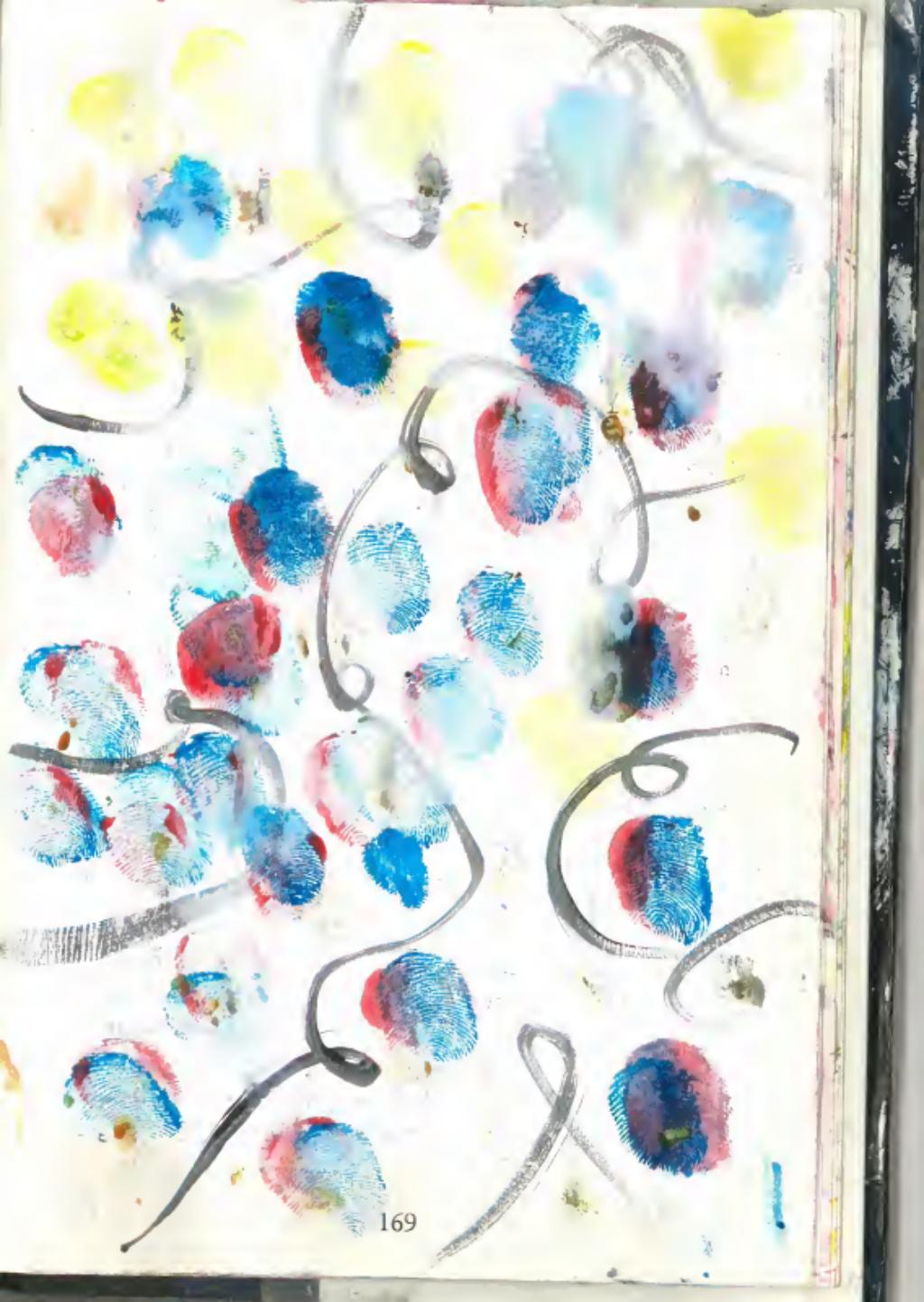
and crouched down. He stood up again, his hands bleeding from the shot. He took his feet, and after we heaved him down the steps. He turned a slow somersault and splashed into the skiff beside Stumps. Arm in arm they floated, with the cassock spread across them like a blanket.

I gave the skiff a shove, sending it out into the current. It snubbed against the tow rope, pulled again, and the old rope broke with a twang of spray. Borne by the tide, the boat floated down toward the sea. And in a moment it was lost from sight.

Father was weak, but he could stand. He put an arm round my shoulders, most of his weight on my back, and we hobbled up the steps, through a stream of rain.

"Tell me," he said. "What gold did he mean?"

"From the barrels," I snapped through gritted teeth. I was angry that he would still hide from me the truth of his





Chapter 17

FALSE BEACONS

I see it more
Clearly now, I think
She loved me in the most
authentic way she was capable
of. But, she came to the relationship
from a piece of incompletedness. In that way
I am not the only victim here. Her parents
of herself. And, tragically, it is the price of a part
most animals makes her most human. Even
ability to empathize us most human is our
main component missing in our
relationship. She never took
empathize with me
It would be
easy to

grimly set. "I can't," I said. "I can't leave here knowing the wheelers are at work."

He held out his hands. "But what can we do? It's best if we bring others," he said. "We can find a magistrate, a—"

"They'd come too late," I said.

"But John, really. What could we possibly do?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe nothing. But I can't leave here knowing I didn't try."

Father sighed. "Yes, you're right. You show me for a better man, John."

"No, Father!" I jumped down from the pony and stood with my hands on his knee. "That's not what I meant."

"But it's true."

"You're hurt," I said. "You can hardly walk." I held the reins up toward him. "I want you to go on to Polruan. Will you do that?"

He held down his hand. I laid the reins across it. But instead he took my wrist. "No," he said. "We'll go together. When this business is done, we'll *both* go to Polruan."

He stiffened his arm, and I swung up in front of him. I cried out to the pony and turned it back toward the village. Mud flew from its heels as we raced down the hill, left at the crossroad, into the valley. We hurried on, hooves drumming on the bridge, rain stinging my face. And when we'd crossed the river, I gave the reins a tug and steered the pony off the road. Father kicked against its ribs, and we headed off at a canter, across the moor to the sea.

We came to the shore east of the Tombstones, at the cliffs that Mawgan had told me were haunted. The surf



they
They





wreckers, always giving me encouragement in the form of little notes: "Don't give up"; "We'll get there yet." Her assistant, Katy Holmgren, helped immeasurably with a major revision as the story came closer and closer to the ones I remembered.

My thanks go as well to editor Lauri Hornik, who led me the rest of the way, through rewrites and copyediting, with many insightful suggestions.

To these people I give much of the credit for what I like about this story, while accepting the responsibility for any faults that remain.

Others who helped include my brother Donald, Kathleen Larkin and the other researchers of the Prince Rupert Library, and—perhaps most of all—Kristin Miller, with whom I live in a house too small. She made it possible for me to stay at home and write. She listened endlessly to the classical music that I play so heartily when I work, and if sometimes I found her wearing earplugs when I took her in sections of paper and pencil writing, she didn't complain, even when she had to leave the room for a time.



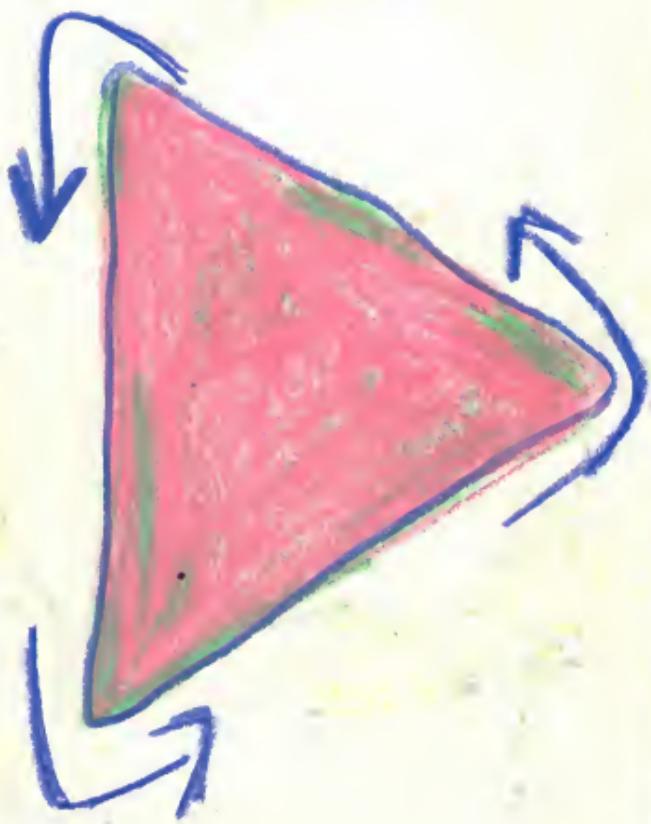
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Iain Lawrence was born in Ontario, Canada. A former journalist, he now writes full-time. His publications include magazine articles, a regular newspaper column, and two books about sailing: *Sea Stories of the Inside Passage* and *Fare-Weather Places*.

An avid sailor who enjoys building ships in bottles, Iain Lawrence spends several months every year traveling by boat with his longtime companion, Kristin, and their dog, the Skipper. Their home is a remote radio-transmission site on an island off Prince Rupert, on the north coast of British Columbia.

"I've never been shipwrecked," Lawrence reports, "but once, while working on a salmon trawler, I was told the strange lights I saw on a dark beach were those of modern-day wreckers." Inspired by this event and by the favorite books of his childhood, *Treasure Island* and *Moonfleet*, he wrote *The Wreckers*, his first novel.





A colorful illustration of a red car with a yellow headlight and a green and orange striped wall. The car is on the right, and the wall is on the left. The text is written in a cursive, hand-drawn style.

He seemed,
somehow, over-devoted.







The author with his dog, the Skipper

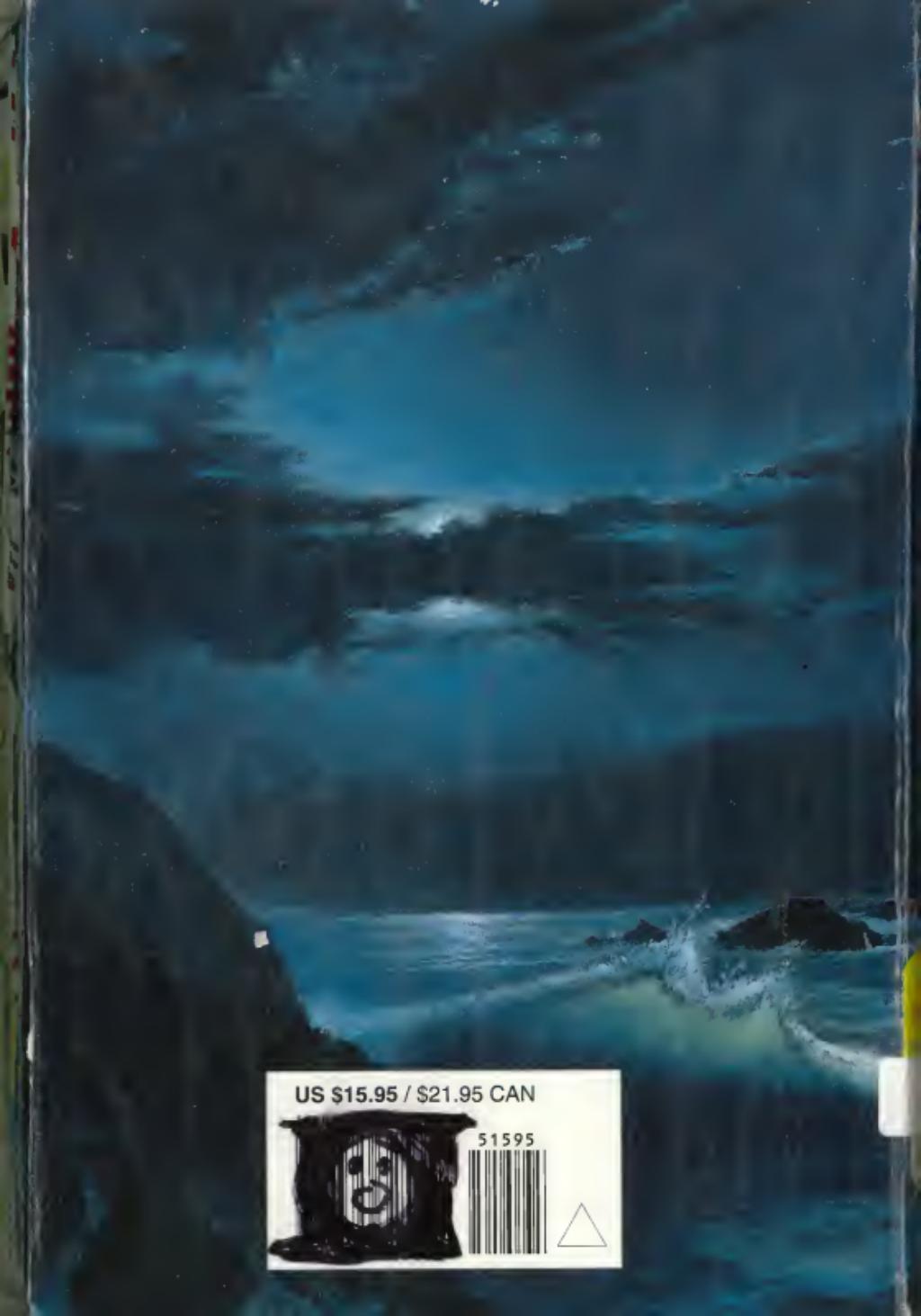
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Delacorte  Press



A dramatic painting of a stormy sea. The sky is filled with dark, turbulent clouds, with a bright, glowing horizon line suggesting a break in the storm. The sea below is filled with white-capped waves and dark, rocky outcrops. The overall mood is one of drama and power.

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